

## Elvis Costello

### "Invasion Hit Parade Macmanus"

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Now that you set everybody free  
What are you going to do about me?  
Don't want to be treated like some poor grateful clown  
I'd rather go back to the sweet underground  
Where I can tell by the colour of my skin  
And I know my neighbour 'cos he's the one, yes he's  
the one  
Who always turns me in

A woman works the tunnel in the middle of the night  
Picking up every lost object in sight  
Handbags, toupees, lost legs and fingernails  
The black market eats up all your failures  
Her transistor offers no salvation or regrets  
No pool, no pets, no cigarettes  
Just non-stop Disco Tex and the Sex-o-lettes

#### CHORUS

There's no name, no name for the place or pain we'll  
cause you  
again and again  
If you do not co-operate with the Invasion Hit Parade

The liberation forces make movies of their own  
Playing their "Doors" records and pretending to be  
stoned  
Drowning out a broadcast that wasn't authorised  
Incidentally the revolution will be televised  
With one head for business and another for good looks  
Until they started arriving with their rubber aprons and  
their  
butcher's hooks

#### CHORUS

They're hunting us down here with Liberty's light  
A handshaking double talking procession of the mighty  
Pursued by a T.V. crew and coming after them  
A limousine of singing stars and their brotherhood  
anthem  
The former dictator was impeccably behaved

They're mopping up all the stubborn ones who just  
refuse to be  
saved

CHORUS

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